

ALBION

AND

ALBANIUS:

AN

OPERA.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

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*Discite Justitiam moniti, & non temnere Deos. Virg.*

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L O N D O N:

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VOL. V



## THE P R E F A C E.

F Wit has truly been defin'd a Propriety of Thoughts and Words, then that Definition will extend to all Sorts of Poetry ; and amongst the rest, to this present Entertainment of an *Opera*. Propriety of Thought is that Fancy which arises naturally from the Subject, or which the Poet adapts to it. Propriety of Words, is the cloathing of those Thoughts with such Expressions as are naturally proper to them : And from both these, if they are judiciously perform'd, the Delight of Poetry results. An *Opera* is a Poetical Tale, or Fiction, represented by Vocal and Instrumental Musick, adorn'd with Scenes, Machines, and Dancing. The suppos'd Persons of this Musical *Drama* are generally supernatural, as Gods, and Goddesses, and Heroes, which at least are descended from them, and are in due time to be adopted into their Number. The Subject therefore being extended beyond the Limits of Humane Nature, admits of that sort of marvellous and surprizing Conduct, which is rejected in other Plays. Humane Impossibilities are to be receiv'd, as they are in Faith ; because where Gods are introduc'd, a Supreme Power is to be understood, and second Causes are out of doors : Yet Propriety is to be observ'd even here. The Gods are all to manage their

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peculiar Provinces ; and what was attributed by the Heathens to one Power, ought not to be perform'd by any other. *Phæbus* must foretel, *Mercury* must charm with his *Caduceus*, and *Juno* must reconcile the Quarrels of the Marriage-Bed. To conclude, they must all act according to their distinct and peculiar Characters. If the Persons represented were to speak upon the Stage, it wou'd follow of necessity, That the Expressions should be Lofy, Figurative, and Majestical : But the Nature of an *Opera* denies the frequent use of those Poetical Ornaments : For Vocal Musick, though it often admits a Loftiness of Sound ; yet always exacts an harmonious Sweetness : or to distinguish yet more justly, the Recitative Part of the *Opera* requires a more Masculine Beauty of Expression and Sound : The other, which (for want of a proper *English* Word) I must call *The Songish Part*, must abound in the Softness and Variety of Numbers ; its principal Intention being to please the Hearing, rather than to gratify the Understanding. It appears indeed preposterous at first sight, That Rhyme, on any consideration, should take place of Reason. But in order to resolve the Problem, this fundamental Proposition must be settled, That the first Inventors of any Art or Science, provided they have brought it to Perfection, are, in reason, to give Laws to it ; and according to their Model, all After-Undertakers are to build. Thus in Epique Poetry, no Man ought to dispute the Authority of *Homer*, who gave the first Being to that Master-piece of Art, and endued it with that Form of Perfection in all its Parts, that nothing was wanting to its Excellency. *Virgil* therefore, and those very few who have succeeded him, endeavour'd not to introduce or innovate any thing in a Design already perfected, but imitated the Plan of the Inventor ; and are only so far true Heroick Poets, as they have built on the Foundations of *Homer*. Thus *Pindar*, the Author of those Odes, (which are so admirably restor'd by Mr. Cowley in our Language,) ought for ever to be the Standard of them ; and we are bound, according to the practice of *Horace* and Mr. Cowley, to copy him. Now, to apply this Axiom to our present Purpose, whosoever undertakes

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the writing of an *Opera*, (which is a Modern Invention, though built indeed on the Foundations of Ethnick Worship,) is oblig'd to imitate the Design of the *Italians*, who have not only invented, but brought to Perfection, this sort of Dramatick Musical Entertainment. I have not been able by any search, to get any light either of the Time when it began, or of the first Author. But I have probable Reasons which induce me to believe, that some *Italians* having curiously observ'd the Gallantries of the *Spanish Moors* at their *Zambra's* or Royal Feasts, where Musick, Songs, and Dancing were in Perfection; together with their Machines, which are usual at their *Sortitia's*, or running at the Ring, and other Solemnities, may possibly have refin'd upon those Moresque Divertisements, and produc'd this delightful Entertainment, by leaving out the warlike part of the Caroufels, and forming a Poetical Design for the use of the Machines, the Songs, and Dances. But however it began, (for this is only conjectural,) we know that for some Centuries, the Knowledge of Musick has flourish'd principally in *Italy*, the Mother of Learning and of Arts; that Poetry and Painting have been there restor'd, and so cultivated by *Italian Masters*, that all *Europe* has been enrich'd out of their Treasury, and the other Parts of it in relation to those delightful Arts, are still as much Provincial to *Italy*, as they were in the time of the *Roman Empire*. Their first *Opera's* seem to have been intended for the Celebration of the Marriages of their Princes, or for the Magnificence of some general time of Joy. Accordingly the Expences of them were from the Purse of the Sovereign, or of the Republick, as they are still practis'd at *Venice*, *Rome*, and at other Places at their Carnivals. *Savoy* and *Florence* have often us'd them in their Courts, at the Weddings of their Dukes. And at *Turin* particularly, was perform'd the *Pastor Fido*, written by the famous *Guarini*, which is a Pastoral *Opera* made to solemnize the Marriage of a Duke of *Savoy*. The Prologue of it has given the Design to all the *French*; which is, a Compliment to the Sovereign Power by some God or Goddess; so that it looks no less than a kind of Embassy from Heaven to Earth. I

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said in the beginning of this Preface, that the Persons represented in *Opera's* are generally Gods, Goddesses, and Heroes descended from them, who are suppos'd to be their peculiar Care; which hinders not, but that meaner Persons may sometimes gracefully be introduc'd, especially if they have relation to those first Times, which Poets call the *Golden Age*: wherein by reason of their Innocence, those happy Mortals were suppos'd to have had a more familiar Intercourse with Superior Beings; and therefore Shepherds might reasonably be admitted, as of all Callings the most innocent, the most happy, and who by reason of the spare Time they had, in their almost idle Employment, had most Leisure to make Verses, and to be in Love; without somewhat of which Passion, no *Opera* can possibly subsist.

'Tis almost needless to speak any thing of that noble Language, in which this Musical *Drama* was first invented and perform'd. All, who are conversant in the *Italian*, cannot but observe, that it is the softest, the sweetest, the most harmonious, not only of any Modern Tongue, but even beyond any of the Learned. It seems indeed to have been invented for the sake of Poetry and Musick; the Vowels are so abounding in all Words, especially in Terminations of them, that excepting some few Monosyllables, the whole Language ends in them. Then the Pronunciation is so Manly, and so Sonorous, that their very Speaking has more of Musick in it than *Dutch Poetry* and *Song*. It has withal deriv'd so much Copiousness and Eloquence from the *Greek* and *Latin*, in the Composition of Words, and the Formation of them, that (if after all we must call it Barbarous) 'tis the most Beautiful and most Learned of any Barbarism in Modern Tongues. And we may, at least, as justly praise it, as *Pyrrhus* did the *Roman* Discipline and Martial Order, that it was of *Barbarians*, (for so the *Greeks* call'd all other Nations) but had nothing in of Barbarity. This Language has in a manner been refin'd and purify'd from the *Gothick*, ever since the time of *Dante*; which is above Four Hundred Years ago; and the *French*, who now cast a longing Eye to their Country, are not less ambitious to possess their Elegance in Poetry  
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and Musick; in both which they labour at Impossibilities. 'Tis true indeed, they have reform'd their Tongue, and brought both their Prose and Poetry to a Standard; the Sweetness as well as the Purity is much improv'd by throwing off the unnecessary Consonants, which made their Spelling tedious, and their Pronunciation harsh: But after all, as nothing can be improv'd beyond its own *Species*, or farther than its original Nature will allow; as an ill Voice, though never so thoroughly instructed in the Rules of Musick, can never be brought to sing harmoniously, nor many an honest Critick ever arrive to be a good Poet, so neither can the natural Harshness of the *French*, or their perpetual ill Accent be ever refin'd into perfect Harmony like the *Italian*. The *English* has yet more natural Disadvantages than the *French*; our original *Teutonical* consisting most in Monosyllables, and those incumbred with Consonants, cannot possibly be freed from those Inconveniences. The rest of our Words, which are deriv'd from the *Latin* chiefly, and the *French*, with some small sprinklings of *Greek*, *Italian*, and *Spanish*, are some Relief in Poetry, and help us to soften our uncouth Numbers; which together with our *English* Genius, incomparably beyond the Trifling of the *French*, in all the nobler Parts of Verse, will justly give us the Preheminence. But, on the other hand, the Effeminacy of our Pronunciation (a Defect common to us and to the *Danes*;) and our Scarcity of Female Rhymes have left the Advantage of Musical Composition for Songs, tho' not for Recitative, to our Neighbours.

Through these Difficulties, I have made a shift to struggle in my Part of the Performance of this *Opera*; which, as mean as it is, deserves at least a Pardon, because it has attempted a Discovery beyond any former Undertaker of our Nation; only remember, that if there be no North-East Passage to be found, the Fault is in Nature, and not in me. Or, as *Ben Jonson* tells us in the *Alchymist*, when Projection had fail'd, and the Glasses were all broken, there was enough however in the Bottoms of them to cure the Itch; so I may thus be positive, That if I have not succeeded, as I desire, yet there is somewhat still remaining,

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maining, to satisfy the Curiosity or Itch of Sight and Hearing. Yet I have no great Reason to despair; for I may, without Vanity, own some Advantages, which are not common to every Writer; such as are the Knowledge of the *Italian* and *French* Language, and the being conversant with some of their best Performances in this Kind; which have furnish'd me with such Variety of Measures, as have given the Composer Monsieur *Grabut* what Occasions he cou'd wish, to shew his extraordinary Talent, in diversifying the Recitative, the Lyrical Part, and the Chorus: In all which, (not to attribute any Thing to my own Opinion,) the best Judges, and those too of the best Quality, who have honour'd his Rehearsals with their Presence, have no less commended the Happiness of his Genius than his Skill. And let me have the Liberty to add one Thing; that he has so exactly express'd my Sense, in all Places, where I intended to move the Passions, that he seems to have enter'd into my Thoughts, and to have been the Poet as well as the Composer. This I say, not to flatter him, but to do him Right; because amongst some *English* Musicians, and their Scholars, (who are sure to judge after them,) the Imputation of being a *French-man*, is enough to make a Party, who maliciously endeavour to decry him. But the Knowledge of *Latin* and *Italian* Poets, both which he possesses, besides his Skill in Musick, and his being acquainted with all the Performances of the *French Opera's*, adding to these the good Sense to which he is born, have rais'd him to a Degree above any Man, who shall pretend to be his Rival on our Stage. When any of our Countrymen excel him, I shall be glad, for the Sake of old *England*, to be shewn my Error; in the mean time, let Virtue be commended, though in the Person of a Stranger.

If I thought it convenient, I cou'd here discover some Rules which I have given to my self in writing of an *Opera* in general; and of this *Opera* in particular: But I consider, that the Effect would only be, to have my own Performance measur'd by the Laws I gave; and consequently to set up some little Judges, who not understanding thoroughly, wou'd be sure to fall upon the Faults, and

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and not to acknowledge any of the Beauties ; (an hard Measure, which I have often found from false Criticks.) Here therefore, if they will criticise, they shall do it out of their own *Fond* ; but let them first be assur'd, that their Ears are nice ; for there is neither writing nor judging on this Subject, without that good Quality. 'Tis no easy Matter in our Language to make Words so smooth, and Numbers so harmonious, that they shall almost set themselves. And yet there are Rules for this in Nature : And as great a Certainty of Quantity in our Syllables, as either in the *Greek* or *Latin* : But let Poets and Judges understand those first, and then let them begin to study *English*. When they have chaw'd awhile upon these Preliminaries, it may be they will scarce adventure to tax me with want of Thought and Elevation of Fancy in this Work ; for they will soon be satisfied, that these are not of the Nature of this Sort of Writing : The Necessity of double Rhimes, and ordering of the Words and Numbers for the Sweetness of the Voice, are the main Hinges on which an *Opera* must move ; and both of these are without the Compass of any Art to teach another to perform ; unless Nature in the first Place has done her Part, by enduing the Poet with that Nicety of Hearing, that the Discord of Sounds in Words shall as much offend him, as a Seventh in Musick wou'd a good Composer. I have therefore no Need to make Excuses for Meanness of Thought in many Places : The *Italians*, with all the Advantages of their Language, are continually forc'd upon it ; or rather they affect it. The chief Secret is in the Choice of Words ; and by this Choice I do not here mean Elegancy of Expression, but Propriety of Sound, to be varied according to the Nature of the Subject. Perhaps a Time may come, when I may treat of this more largely, out of some Observations which I have made from *Homer* and *Virgil*, who amongst all the Poets, only understood the Art of Numbers, and of that which was properly call'd *Rhythmus* by the Ancients.

The same Reasons which depress Thought in an *Opera*, have a stronger Effect upon the Words ; especially in our Language : For there is no maintaining the Purity  
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of *English* in short Measures, where the Rhime returns so quick, and is so often Female, or double Rhime, which is not natural to our Tongue, because it consists too much of Monosyllables, and those too, most commonly clogg'd with Consonants; for which Reason I am often forc'd to coin new Words, revive some that are antiquated, and botch others; as if I had not serv'd out my Time in Poetry, but was bound 'Prentice to some Doggrel Rhimer, who makes Songs to Tunes, and sings them for a Livelihood. 'Tis true, I have not been often put to this Drudgery; but where I have, the Words will sufficiently shew, that I was then a Slave to the Composition, which I will never be again: 'Tis my Part to invent, and the Musician's to humour that Invention. I may be counsell'd, and will always follow my Friend's Advice, where I find it reasonable; but will never part with the Power of the *Militia*.

I am now to acquaint my Reader with somewhat more particular concerning this *Opera*, after having begg'd his Pardon for so long a Preface to so short a Work. It was originally intended only for a Prologue to a Play, of the Nature of the *Tempest*; which is a Tragedy mix'd with *Opera*; or a *Drama* written in Blank Verse, adorn'd with Scenes, Machines, Songs and Dances: So that the Fable of it is all spoken and Acted by the best of the Comedians; the other Part of the Entertainment to be perform'd by the same Singers and Dancers who are introduc'd in this present *Opera*. It cannot properly be call'd a Play, because the Action of it is suppos'd to be conducted sometimes by supernatural Means, or Magick; nor an *Opera*, because the Story of it is not sung. But more of this at its proper Time: But some intervening Accidents having hitherto deferr'd the Performance of the main Design, I propos'd to the Actors, to turn the intended Prologue into an Entertainment by it self, as you now see it, by adding two Acts more to what I had already written. The Subject of it is wholly Allegorical; and the Allegory it self so very obvious, that it will no sooner be read than understood. 'Tis divided according to the plain and natural Method of every Acti-

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## THE PREFACE.

tion, into Three Parts. For even *Aristotle* himself is contented to say simply, That in all Actions there is a Beginning, a Middle, and an End; after which Model, all the *Spanish* Plays are built.

The Descriptions of the Scenes, and other Decorations of the Stage, I had from Mr. *Betterton*, who has spar'd neither for Industry, nor Cost, to make this Entertainment perfect, nor for Invention of the Ornaments to beautify it.

To conclude, though the Enemies of the Composer are not few, and that there is a Party form'd against him of his own Profession, I hope, and am perswaded, that this Prejudice will turn in the End to his Advantage. For the greatest Part of an Audience is always uninterest'd, though seldom knowing; and if the Musick be well compos'd, and well perform'd, they who find themselves pleas'd, will be so wise as not to be impos'd upon, and fool'd out of their Satisfaction. The Newness of the Undertaking is all the Hazard: When *Opera's* were first set up in *France*, they were not follow'd over eagerly; but they gain'd daily upon their Hearers, 'till they grew to that Height of Reputation, which they now enjoy. The *English*, I confess, are not altogether so Musical as the *French*; and yet they have been pleas'd already with the *Tempest*, and some Pieces that follow'd, which were neither much better written, nor so well compos'd as this. If it finds Encouragement, I dare promise myself to mend my Hand, by making a more pleasing Fable: In the mean Time, every loyal *English-man* cannot but be satisfy'd with the Moral of this, which so plainly represents the Double Restoration of his Sacred Majesty.

## POSTSCRIPT.

THIS Preface being wholly written before the Death of my late Royal Master, (quem semper acerbum, semper honoratum, sic Dñi voluistis, habebo.) I have now lately review'd it, as supposing I shou'd find many Notions in it, that wou'd require Correction on cooler Thoughts.

After.

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*After four Months lying by me, I look'd on it as no longer mine, because I had wholly forgotten it; but I confess with some Satisfaction, and perhaps a little Vanity, that I found my self entertain'd by it; my own Judgment was new to me, and pleas'd me when I look'd on it as another Man's. I see no Opinion that I wou'd retract or alter, unless it be, that possibly the Italians went not so far as Spain, for the Invention of their Opera's. They might have it in their own Country; and that by gathering up the Ship-wrecks of the Athenian and Roman Theatres; which we know were adorn'd with Scenes, Musick, Dances and Machines, especially the Grecian. But of this the learned Monsieur Vossius, who has made our Nation his second Country, is the best, and perhaps the only Judge now living: As for the Opera it self, it was all compos'd, and was just ready to have been perform'd, when he, in Honour of whom it was principally made, was taken from us.*

*He had been pleas'd twice or thrice to command, that it shou'd be practis'd before him, especially the First and Third Acts of it; and publickly declar'd more than once, That the Composition and Chorus's were more just, and more beautiful, than any he had heard in England. How nice an Ear he had in Musick, is sufficiently known; his Praise therefore has establish'd the Reputation of it, above Censure, and made it in a manner sacred. 'Tis therefore humbly and religiously dedicated to his Memory.*

*It might reasonably have been expected, that his Death must have chang'd the whole Fabrick of the Opera; or at least a great Part of it. But the Design of it originally was so happy, that it needed no Alteration, properly so call'd; for the Addition of twenty or thirty Lines in the Apotheosis of Albion, has made it entirely of a Piece. This was the only Way which cou'd have been invent'd, to save it from a botch'd Ending; and it fell luckily into my Imagination: As if there were a Kind of Fatality, even in the most trivial Things concerning the Succession; a Change was made, and not for the worse, without the least Confusion or Disturbance: And those very Causes which seem'd to threaten us with Troubles, conspir'd to produce our lasting Happiness.*



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## PROLOGUE.

**F**ULL twenty Years, and more, our lab'ring Stage  
Has lost, on this incorrigible Age:  
Our Poets, the John Ketches of the Nation,  
Have seem'd to last ye, ev'n i' Excoriation:  
But still no Sign remains; which plainly notes,  
You bore like Heroes, or you brib'd like Oates.  
What can we do, when mimicking a Fop,  
Like beating Nut-Trees, makes a larger Crop?  
'Faith we'll e'en spare our Pains; and to content you,  
Will fairly leave you what your Maker meant you.  
Satyr was once your Physick, Wit your Food;  
One nourish'd not, and t'other drew no Blood.  
We now prescribe, like Doctors in Despair,  
The Diet your weak Appetites can bear.  
Since hearty Beef and Mutton will not do,  
Here's Julep-dance, Ptisan of Song and Show:  
Give you strong Sense, the Liquor is too heady;  
You're come to Farce, that's Asses Milk, already.  
Some hopeful Youths there are, of callow Wit,  
Who one Day may be Men, if Heav'n think fit;  
Sound may serve such, ere they to Sense are grown;  
Like Leading-strings, 'till they can walk alone.  
But yet to keep our Friends in Count'nance, know,  
The wise Italians first invented Show;  
Thence, into France the noble Pageant past;  
'Tis England's Credit to be cozen'd last.  
Freedom and Zeal have chous'd you o'er and o'er,  
Pray give us Leave to bubble you once more;  
You never were so cheaply fool'd before;  
We bring you Change, to humour your Disease;  
Change for the worse has ever us'd to please:  
Then 'tis the Mode of France, without whose Rules,  
None must presume to set up here for Fools:

In



## P R O L O G U E.

*In France, the oldest Man is always young,  
Sees Opera's daily, learns the Tunes so long,  
'Till Foot, Hand, Head, keep Time with ev'ry Song.  
Each sings his Part, echoing from Pit and Box,  
With his hoarse Voice, half Harmony, half Pox.  
Le plus grand Roy du Monde, is always ringing:  
They show themselves good Subjects by their Singing.  
On that Condition, set up every Throat;  
You Whigs may sing, for you have chang'd your Note.  
Cits and Citeffes, raise a joyful Strain,  
'Tis a good Omen to begin a Reign:  
Voices may help your Charter to Restoring,  
And get by Singing, what you lost by Roaring.*



Names of the Persons, represented in  
the same Order as they appear first  
upon the Stage.

<p><i>Mercury.</i> <i>Augusta. London.</i> <i>Thamesis:</i> <i>Democracy.</i> <i>Zelota. Feign'd Zeal.</i> <i>Archon. The General.</i> <i>Juno.</i> <i>Iris.</i> <i>Albion.</i> <i>Albanus.</i> <i>Pluto.</i> <i>Aleto.</i> <i>Apollo.</i></p>	<p><i>Nereids.</i> <i>Acacia. Innocence.</i> <i>Tyranny.</i> <i>Asebia. Atheism, or Ungodliness.</i> <i>Proteus.</i> <i>Venus.</i> <i>Fame.</i> <i>A Chorus of Cities.</i> <i>A Chorus of Rivers.</i> <i>A Chorus of the People.</i> <i>A Chorus of Furies.</i> <i>A Chorus of Nereids and Tritons.</i> <i>A Grand Chorus of Heroes, Loves, and Graces.</i></p>
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T H E





## THE FRONTISPIECE.

THE Curtain rises, and a new Frontispiece is seen, join'd to the great Pilasters, which are on each Side of the Stage: On the Flat of each Basis is a Shield, adorn'd with Gold: In the middle of the Shield on one Side, are two Hearts, a small Scrowl of Gold over 'em, and an Imperial Crown over the Scrowl: on the other, in the Shield are two Quivers full of Arrows Saltyre, &c. Upon each Basis stands a Figure bigger than the Life, one represents Peace, with a Palm in one, and an Olive-Branch in the other Hand; t'other Plenty, holding a Cornucopia, and resting on a Pillar. Behind these Figures are large Columns of the Corinthian Order, adorn'd with Fruit and Flowers: Over one of the Figures on the Trees is the King's Cypher; over the other, the Queen's: Over the Capitals, on the Cornice, sits a Figure on each Side; one represents Poetry, crown'd with Lawrel, holding a Scrowl in one Hand, the other with a Pen it, and resting on a Book; the other, Painting, with a Pallat and Pencils, &c. On the Sweep of the Arch lies one of the Muses, playing on a Bass-Viol; another of the Muses, on the other side, holding a Trumpet in one Hand, and the other on a Harp. Between these Figures, in the middle of the Sweep of the Arch, is a very large Pannel in a Frame of Gold: In this Pannel is painted on one Side a Woman representing the City of London, leaning her Head on her Hand in a distressed Posture, (shewing her Sorrow and Penitence for her Sins;) the other Hand holds the Arms of the City, and

in  
first

lines.

tritons.  
Loves,

THE

a Mace lying under it: On the other Side is a Figure of the Thames, with his Legs shackl'd, and leaning on an empty Urn: Behind these are Two Imperial Figures; one representing His present Majesty; and the other the Queen: By the King stands Pallas, (or Wisdom and Valour,) holding a Charter for the City, the King extending his Hand, as raising her drooping Head, and restoring her to her ancient Honour and Glory: Over the City are the envious devouring Harpies flying from the Face of Majesty: By the Queen stand the Three Graces, holding Garlands of Flowers, and at her Feet Cupids bound, with their Bows and Arrows broken, the Queen pointing with her Scepter to the River, and commanding the Graces to take off their Fetters. Over the King, in a Scrowl, is this Verse of Virgil,

Discite Justitiam, moniti, & non temnere Divos.

Over the Queen, this of the same Author,  
Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.



Alb

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Decoration

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# *Albion and Albanus:*

## AN OPERA.

---

Decorations of the STAGE in the First Act.

**T**HE Curtain rises, and there appears on either side of the Stage, next to the Frontispiece, a Statue on Horse-back of Gold on Pedestals of Marble, enrich'd with Gold, and bearing the Imperial Arms of England. One of these Statues is taken from that of the late King at Charing-Cross; the other from that Figure of his present Majesty (done by that noble Artist Mr. Gibbons) at Windsor.

The Scene is a Street of Palaces, which lead to the Front of the Royal-Exchange; the great Arch is open, and the View is continued through the open part of the Exchange, to the Arch on the other side, and thence to as much of the Street beyond, as could properly be taken.

**MERCURY** descends in a Chariot drawn by Ravens.

He comes to *Augusta and Thamesis*. They lie on Couches at a distance from each other in dejected Postures; She attended by Cities, He by Rivers.

On

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*On the side of Augusta's Couch are Painted Towers falling, a Scarlet Gown, and a Gold Chain, a Cap of Maintenance thrown down, and a Sword in a Velvet Scabbard thrust through it, the City Arms, a Mace with an old useless Charter, and all in disorder. Before Themis are broken Reeds, Bull-rushes, Sedge, &c. with his Urn Reverse.*



ACT I.

MERCURY Descends.

MERCURY.



THOU glorious Fabrick! stand for ever, stand:  
Well worthy Thou to entertain  
The God of Traffick, and of Gain,  
To draw the Concourse of the Land,  
And Wealth of all the Main.

But where the Shoals of Merchants meet-  
Welcome to their Friends repeating,

Busie Bargains deafe Sound!  
Tongue Confus'd of every Nation!  
Nothing here but Desolation,  
Mournful Silence reigns around.]

*Aug. O Hermes! pity me!*

I was, while Heav'n did smile;

The Queen of all this Isle,

Europe's Pride,

And Albion's Bride;

But gone my Plighted Lord! ah, gone is He!

O *Hermes!* pity me!

*Tham.* And I the Noble Flood, whose tributary Tide

Does on her Silver Margent smoothly glide;

But Heaven grew jealous of our happy State:

And bid revolving Fate

Our Dogm decree;

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Tha

*Aug. O H*

*Tham. O*

*Aug. Beh*

*Tham. Be*

*Aug. My*

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*Tham. T*

My Urn rev

*Merc. Ri*

And wipe t

*Augusta! fo*

Tis lawful f

Thy future

And growing

Rise, rise, *Aug. O n*

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*Merc. Wh*

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*Aug. Ah*

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Zeal allur'd

both assur'd

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*Merc. Sup*

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No



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No more the King of Floods am I,  
No more the Queen of Albion, She!

[The two Lines are sung by Reprises betwixt Aug. and  
Tham.

Aug. O Hermes! pity me! } Sung by Augusta and Tha-  
Tham. O Hermes! pity me! } mesis together.

Aug. Behold!

Tham. Behold!

Aug. My Turrets on the Ground  
That once my Temples crown'd!

Tham. The Sedgy Honours of my Brows dispers'd!  
My Urn revers'd!

Merc. Rise, rise, Augusta, rise!

And wipe thy weeping Eyes:

Augusta! for I call thee so!

Tis lawful for the Gods to know

Thy future Name,

And growing Fame.

Rise, rise, Augusta, rise.

Aug. O never, never will I rise,

Never will I cease my Mourning,

Never wipe my weeping Eyes,

Till my plighted Lord's returning!

Never, never will I rise!

Merc. What brought Thee, Wretch, to this Despair?

The Cause of thy Misfortune show

Aug. It seems the Gods take little Care

Of Humane Things below,

When even our Sufferings here they do not know!

Merc. Not unknowing came I down,

Disloyal Town!

Speak! didst not Thou

Worsake thy Faith, and break thy Nuptial Vow?

Aug. Ah 'tis too true! too true!

But what cou'd I, unthinking City, do?

Faction sway'd me,

Zeal allur'd me,

Both assur'd me,

Both betray'd me!

Merc. Suppose me sent

By Albion to restore.

Canst

No



Can'st thou repent?

*Aug.* My Falshood I deplore!

*Tham.* Thou seest her mourn, and I  
With all my Waters will her Tears supply.

*Merc.* Then by some Loyal Deed regain  
Thy long-lost Reputation,

To wash away the Stain  
That blots a noble Nation!

And free thy famous Town again  
From force of Usurpation.

*Chor.* } We'll wash away the Stain.

*of all.* } That blots a noble Nation,

And free this famous Town again  
From force of Usurpation.

[Dance of the Followers of Mercury.

*Aug.* Behold Democracy and Zeal appear;

She that allur'd my Heart away,

And he that after made a Prey.

*Merc.* Resist, and do not fear!

*Chor. of all.* Resist, and do not fear!

*Enter Democracy and Zeal attended by Archon.*

*Democ.* Nymph of the City! bring thy Treasures,  
Bring me more

To waste in Pleasures.

*Aug.* Thou hast exhausted all my Store,

And I can give no more.

*Zeal.* Thou Horny Flood, for Zeal provide

A new Supply; and swell thy Moony Tide,

That on thy buxom Back the floating Gold may glide.

*Tham.* Not all the Gold the Southern Sun produces,

Or Treasures of the fam'd Levant,

Suffice for pious Uses,

To feed the sacred Hunger of a Saint!

*Democ.* Woe to the Vanquish'd, Woe!

Slave as thou art,

Thy Wealth impart,

And me thy Victor know!

*Zeal.* And me thy Victor know.

Resistless Arms are in my Hand,

Thy Bars shall burst at my Command,

Thy Towry

Woe to th

*Aug.* We

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*Dem.* Pul

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*Zeal.* I'll

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*Dem.* And

A Thousand

A Thousand

*Archon.* }

to *Aug.* }

Not to force

But thy *Albi*

Hark! the P

Peace, and P

*Chorus.* H

Peace, and

*Aug.* *Tham.*

*Archon.* I

*Merc.* Cea

And ſtay, br

'Tis doom'd

'Tis doom'd

All other Iſle

Thy Towry Head lie low.

Woe to the Vanquish'd, Woe!

*Aug.* Were I not bound by Fate

For ever, ever here,

My Walls I would translate

To some more happy Sphere,

Remov'd from Servile Fear,

*Tham.* Remov'd from Servile Fear.

Wou'd I could disappear,

And sink below the Main ;

For Commonwealth's a Load

My old Imperial Flood

Shall never never bear again.

A Commonwealth's a Load

Our old Imperial Flood

Shal never never never bear again.

} Thames. and  
Aug. together.

*Dem.* Pull down her Gates, expole her bare ;

I must enjoy the proud, disdainful Fair.

Haste, *Archon*, haste

To lay her waste !

*Zeal.* I'll hold her fast

To be embrac'd !

*Dem.* And she shall see

A Thousand Tyrants are in thee,

A Thousand Thousand more in me !

*Archo.* } From the Caledonian Shore

*to Aug.* } Hither am I come to save thee,

Not to force or to enslave thee,

But thy *Albion* to restore :

Hark ! the Peals the People ring,

Peace, and Freedom, and a King.

*Chorus.* Hark ! the Peals the People ring,

Peace, and Freedom, and a King.

*Aug. Tham.* To Arms ! to Arms !

*Archon.* I lead the way !

*Merc.* Cease your Alarms !

And stay, brave *Archon*, stay !

'Tis doom'd by Fate's Decree !

'Tis doom'd that *Albion's* Dwelling,

All other Isles excelling,

By

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By Peace shall happy be!

*Archon.* What then remains for me?

*Merc.* Take my *Caduceus*! Take this awful Wand,  
With this th' Infernal Ghost I can command,  
And strike a Terror through the *Stygian* Land.  
Commonwealth will want Pretences,  
Sleep will creep on all his Senses;

Zeal that lent him her Assistance, } *Archon touches Demo-*  
Stand amaz'd without Resistance. } *cracy with a Wand.*

*Dem.* I feel a lazy Slumber lays me down!  
Let *Albion*! let him take the Crown!  
Happy let him reign,  
Till I wake again.

[*Falls asleep.*]

*Zeal.* In vain I rage, in vain  
I rouse my Powers;  
But I shall wake again,  
I shall, to better Hours.  
Ev'n in Slumber will I vex him;  
Still perplex him,  
Still incumber:  
Know, you that have ador'd him,  
And Sovereign Power afford him,  
We'll reap the Gains  
Of all your Pains,  
And seem to have restor'd him!

[*Zeal falls asleep.*]

*Aug. and Tham.* A stupifying Sadness  
Leaves her without Motion;  
But Sleep will cure her Madness,  
And cool her to Devotion.

*A double Pedestal rises: On the Front of it is painted in Stone-Colour, Two Women: One holding a doublefac'd Vixor; the other a Book, representing Hypocrisy and Phanaticism; when Archon has charmed Democracy and Zeal with the Caduceus of Mercury, they fall asleep on the Pedestal, and it sinks with them.*

*Merc.* Cease, *Augusta*! Cease thy Mourning,  
Happy Days appear,  
God-like *Albion* is returning  
Loyal Hearts to cheer!

Every

Every Gra  
Glorious  
Or the Pla  
Chor. G  
Merc. to  
Arch.  
To receive  
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Seamen Sk  
Mariners I  
Shouting,  
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A Dance of

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Scene.

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Juno. I  
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VOL.

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Every Grace his Youth adorning,  
Glorious as the Star of Morning,  
Or the Planet of the Year.

*Chor.* God-like *Albion* is returning, &c.

*Merc.* to { Haste away, Loyal Chief, haste away.

*Arch.* { No Delay, but obey :

To receive thy lov'd Lord ! haste away, [*Ex. Arch.*

*Tham.* Medway and *Isis*, you that augment me,  
Tides that encrease my Watry Store,  
And you that are Friends to Peace and Plenty,

Send my merry Boys all ashore ;

Seamen Skipping,

Mariners Leaping,

Shouting, Tripping,

Send my merry Boys all ashore !

*A Dance of Watermen in the King's and Duke's Liveries.*

*The Clouds divide, and Juno appears in a Machine drawn by Peacocks ; while a Symphony is playing, it moves gently forward, and as it descends, it opens and discovers the Tail of the Peacock, which is so large, that it almost fills the opening of the Stage between Scene and Scene.*

*Merc.* The Clouds divide ; what Wonders,  
What Wonders do I see !

The Wife of *Jove* ! 'Tis She,

That Thunders, more than Thundring He !

*Juno.* No, *Hermes*, no ;

'Tis Peace above

As 'tis below :

For *Jove* has left his wandring Love.

*Tham.* Great Queen of gathering Clouds,

Whose Moisture fills our Floods,

See, we fall before Thee,

Prostrate we adore Thee !

*Aug.* Great Queen of Nuptial Rites,

Whole Pow'r the Souls unites,

And fills the Genial Bed with chaste Delights,

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R

See ;

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See ; we fall before Thee,  
Prostrate we adore Thee !

*Juno.* 'Tis ratify'd above by every God,  
And *Jove* has firm'd it with an awful Nod ;  
That *Albion* shall his Love renew :  
But oh, ungrateful Fair,  
Repeated Crimes beware,  
And to his Bed be true !

*Iris appears on a very large Machine. This was really  
seen the 18th of March, 1684, by Capt. Christopher  
Gunman, on Board his R. H. Yacht, then in Calais  
Pierre: He drew it as it then appear'd, and gave a  
Draught of it to us. We have only added the Cloud  
where the Person of Iris fits.*

*Juno.* Speak, *Iris*, from *Batavia*, speak the News!  
Has she perform'd my dread Command,  
Returning *Albion* to his longing Land,  
Or dare the Nymph refuse ?

*Iris.* *Albion*, by the Nymph attended,  
Was to *Neptune* recommended.  
Peace and Plenty spread the Sails :  
*Venus* in her Shell before him,  
From the Sands in Safety bore him,  
And supply'd *Etesian* Gales.

*Archon* on the Shore commanding,  
Lowly met him at his Landing,  
Crowds of People swarm'd around ;  
Welcome rang the Peals of Thunder ;  
Welcome, rent the Skies asunder :  
Welcome, Heav'n and Earth resound.

*Juno.* Why stay we then on Earth,  
When Mortals laugh and love ?

'Tis Time to mount above,  
And send *Astræa* down,  
The Ruler of his Birth,  
And Guardian of his Crown.

'Tis Time to mount above,  
And send *Astræa* down.

[Retornella.

*Mer.*  
And se  
*Aug.*  
Erect  
For *Alb*  
Rejoyce  
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Erect T  
For *Alb*  
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*Albion*

Full C  
*Aug.*  
Thy long  
*Tham.*  
From Bor  
*Aug.*  
And to fo  
*Tham.*  
Rejoycing

Entry. Rej

*Mer.*



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*Mer. Ju. Ir.* 'Tis Time to mount above,  
And send *Astraea* down. [*Mer. Ju. and Ir. ascend.*]

*Aug. and Tham.* The Royal Squadron marches,  
Erect Triumphal Arches,  
For *Albion* and *Albanus* :  
Rejoyce at their returning.  
The Passages adorning :  
The Royal Squadron marches,  
Erect Triumphal Arches  
For *Albion* and *Albanus*.

*Part of the Scene disappears, and the Four Triumphal Arches, erected at his Majesty's Coronation, are seen.*

*Albion appears, Albanus by his Side, preceded by Archon, follow'd by a Train, &c.*

*Full Chorus.* Hail, Royal *Albion*, Hail !

*Aug.* Hail, Royal *Albion*, Hail to thee,  
Thy longing People's Expectation !

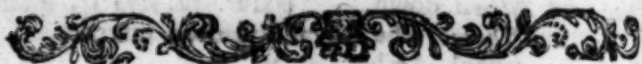
*Tham.* Sent from the Gods to set us free  
From Bondage and from Usurpation !

*Aug.* To pardon and to pity me,  
And to forgive a guilty Nation !

*Tham.* Behold the differing Climes agree,  
Rejoycing in thy Restauration.

*Entry. Representing the Four Parts of the World rejoycing at the Restauration of Albion.*





## ACT II.

*The Scene is a Poetical Hell. The Change is Total. The Upper Part of the House, as well as the Side-Scenes. There is the Figure of Prometheus chain'd to a Rock, the Vulture gnawing his Liver. Sisyphus rowling the Stone; the Belides, &c. Beyond, Abundance of Figures in various Torments. Then a great Arch of Fire. Behind this, three Pyramids of Flames in perpetual Agitation. Beyond this, glowing Fire, which terminates the Prospect.*

Pluto, the Furies; with Alecto, Democracy, and Zelota.

**Plu.** Infernal Off-spring of the Night,  
 Debarr'd of Heav'n your Native Right,  
 And from the glorious Fields of Light,  
 Condemn'd in Shades to drag the Chain,  
 And fill with Groans the gloomy Plain;  
 Since Pleasures here are none below,  
 Be Ill our Good, our Joy be Woe;  
 Our Work t'embroil the Worlds above,  
 Disturb their Union, dis-unite their Love,  
 And blast the beauteous Frame of our Victorious Foe.  
**Dem.** and O thou for whom those Worlds are made,  
**Zel.** Thou Sire of all Things, and their End,  
 From hence they spring, and when they fade,  
 In shuffled Heaps they hither tend;  
 Here humane Souls receive their Breath,  
 And wait for Bodies after Death.

**Dem.** Hear our Complaint, and grant our Pray'r.

**Plu.** Speak what you are,  
 And whence you fell?

**Dem.** I am thy first-begotten Care,  
 Conceiv'd in Heaven, but born in Hell.

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 The Souls  
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 But now I  
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 By Albi  
 Dem. W  
 Thou shou  
 To fill thy

Wh

When thou didst bravely undertake in Fight  
Yon' Arbitrary Pow'r,  
That rules by Sovereign Might,  
To set thy Heav'n-born Fellows free,  
And leave no difference in Degree,  
In that Auspicious Hour  
Was I begot by thee.

*Zel.* One Mother bore us at a Birth,  
Her Name was *Zeal* before she fell;  
No fairer Nymph in Heav'n or Earth,  
'Till Saintship taught her to rebel:  
But losing Fame,  
And changing Name;  
She's now the *Good Old Cause* in Hell.

*Plu.* Dear Pledges of a Flame not yet forgot,  
Say, what on Earth has been your Lot?

*Dem.* and *Zel.* The Wealth of *Albion's* Isle was ours,  
*Augusta* stoop'd with all her stately Tow'rs!

*Dem.* Democracy kept Nobles under.

*Zel.* *Zeal* from the Pulpit roar'd like Thunder.

*Dem.* I trampled on the State.

*Zel.* I lorded o'er the Gown.

*Dem.* and *Zel.* We both in Triumph sate  
Usurpers of the Crown.

But oh prodigious Turn of Fate!

Heaven controuling,

Sent us rowling, rowling down.

*Plu.* I wonder'd how of late our *Acherontick* Shore

Grew thin, and Hell unpeopl'd of her Store;

*Charon*, for want of Use, forgot his Oar.

The Souls of Bodies dead flew all sublime,

And hither none return'd to purge a Crime:

But now I see since *Albion* is restor'd,

Death has no Bus'ness, nor the vengeful Sword.

'Tis too too much that here I lie

From glorious Empire hurl'd;

By *Jove* excluded from the Sky;

By *Albion* from the World.

*Dem.* Were Common-weath restor'd again;

Thou shouldst have Millions of the Slain

To fill thy dark Abode.

*Zel.* For he a Race of Rebels sends,  
And *Zeal* the Path of Heav'n pretends;  
But still mistakes the Road.

*Plu.* My lab'ring Thought  
At length hath wrought  
A bravely bold Design,  
In which you both shall join;  
In borrow'd Shapes to Earth return;  
'Thou *Common-wealth*, a Patriot seem,  
'Thou *Zeal*, like true Religion burn,  
To gain the giddy Crowd's Esteem.  
*Alec.* thou to fair *Augusta* go,  
And all thy Snakes into her Bosom throw.

*Dem.* Spare some, to sling  
Where they may sting  
The Breast of *Albion's* King.

*Zel.* Let Jealousies so well be mix'd,  
That Great *Albanus* be unfix'd!

*Plu.* Forbear your vain Attempts, forbear;  
Hell can have no Admittance there:  
The People's Fear will serve as well,  
Make him suspected, them rebel.

*Zel.* Y'have all forgot  
To forge a Plot,  
In seeming Care of *Albion's* Life;  
Inspire the Crowd  
With Clamours loud,  
T'involve his Brother and his Wife.

*Al.* Take of a Thousand Souls at thy Command,  
The basest, blackest of the *Stygian* Band:  
One that will swear to all they can invent,  
So thoroughly damn'd, that he can ne'er repent:  
One often sent to Earth,  
And still at every Birth  
He took a deeper Stain:  
One that in *Adam's* Time was *Cain*:  
One that was burnt in *Sodom's* Flame,  
For Crimes ev'n here too black to name:  
One, who through every Form of Ill has run:  
One, who in *Naboth's* Days, was *Belial's* Son:

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Of form  
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*Plu.*

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*Plu.* and  
*Alec.*

*Plu.* I  
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*Aug.* C  
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And poi  
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My first



One, who has gain'd a Body fit for Sin ;  
Where all his Crimes  
Of former Times,  
Lie crowded in a Skin.

*Plu.* Take him ;

Make him

What you please ;

For he

Can be

A Rogue with Ease.

One for mighty Mischief born :

He can swear, and be forsworn.

*Plu.* and } Take him, make him what you please ;

*Alc.* } For he can be a Rogue with Ease.

*Plu.* Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our Woes,  
The Wretch that is damn'd has nothing to lose.

Ye Furies advance

With the *Ghosts* in a Dance.

'Tis a Jubilee when the World is in Trouble.

When People Rebel, } *A single Entry of a Devil follow'd*

We frolick in Hell ; } *by an Entry of 12 Devils.*

But when the King falls, the Pleasure is double.

*Chorus.* Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our  
The Wretch that is damn'd hath nothing to lose. [Woes,

*The Scene changes to a Prospect taken from the middle of  
the Thames ; one Side of it begins at York-Stairs, thence  
to White-Hall, and the Mill-bank, &c. The other  
from the Saw-Mill, thence to Bishop's Palace, and as  
far as can be seen in a clear Day.*

*Enter Augusta : She has a Snake in her Bosom, hanging  
down.*

*Aug.* O Jealousy, thou raging Ill,  
Why hast thou found a Room in Lovers Hearts,  
Afflicting what thou canst not kill,  
And poisoning Love himself, with his own Darts ?  
I find my *Albion's* Heart is gone,  
My first Offences yet remain,

Nor can Repentance Love regain;  
 One writ in Sand, alas, in Marble one.  
 I rave, I rave, my Spirits boil  
 Like Flames increas'd, and mounting high with pouring  
 Disdain and Love succeed by Turns; [Oil:  
 One freezes me, and t'other burns; it burns.  
 Away soft Love, thou Foe to Rest,  
 Give Hate the full Possession of my Breast.  
 Hate is the nobler Passion far,  
 When Love is ill repay'd;  
 For at one Blow it ends the War,  
 And cures the Love-sick Maid.

*Enter Democracy and Zelota; one represents a Patriot,  
 the other, Religion.*

*Dem.* Let not thy generous Passion waste its Rage,  
 But once again restore our Golden Age;  
 Still to weep and to complain,  
 Does but more provoke Disdain.  
 Let publick Good  
 Inflamm thy Blood;  
 With Crowds of Warlike People thou art stor'd,  
 And Heaps of Gold;  
 Reject thy old,  
 And to thy Bed receive another Lord.

*Zel.* Religion shall thy Bonds release,  
 For Heav'n can loose, as well as tie all;  
 And when 'tis for the Nation's Peace,  
 A King is but a King on Tryal;  
 When Love is lost, let Marriage end,  
 And leave a Husband for a Friend.

*Dem.* With Jealousy swarming  
 The People are arming,  
 And Frights of Oppression invade them.

*Zel.* If they fall to relenting,  
 For fear of repenting,  
 Religion shall help to perswade 'em.

*Aug.* No more, no more Temptations use  
 To bend my Will;

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How hard a Task 'tis to refuse  
A pleasing Ill !

*Dem.* Maintain the seeming Duty of a Wife,  
A modest Show with jealous Eyes deceive,  
Affect a Fear for hated *Albion's* Life,  
And for imaginary Dangers grieve.

*Zel.* His Foes already stand protected,  
His Friends by publick Fame suspected,  
*Albanus* must forsake his Isle :  
A Plot contriv'd in happy Hour  
Bereaves him of his Royal Pow'r,  
For Heav'n to mourn, and Hell to smile.

*The former Scene continues.*

*Enter Albion and Albanus with a Train.*

*Alb.* Then Zeal and Common-wealth infect  
My Land again ;  
The Fumes of Madness that possess  
The People's giddy Brain,  
Once more disturb the Nation's Rest,  
And dye Rebellion in a deeper Stain.

II.

Will they at length awake the sleeping Sword,  
And force Revenge from their offended Lord ?  
How long, ye Gods, how long  
Can Royal Patience bear  
Th' Insults and Wrong  
Of Mad-Mens Jealousies, and causeless Fear ?

III.

I thought their Love by Mildness might be gain'd,  
By Peace I was restor'd, in Peace I reign'd :  
But Tumults, Seditions,  
And haughty Petitions,  
Are all the Effects of a merciful Nature ;

394 ALBION and ALBANUS.

Forgiving and granting,  
E're Mortals are wanting,  
But leads to Rebelling against their Creator.

*Mercury descends.*

*Mer.* With Pity *Jove* beholds thy State,  
But *Jove* is circumscrib'd by Fate;  
Th' o'erwhelming Tide rowls on so fast,  
It gains upon this Island's Waste:  
And is oppos'd too late! too late!

*Alb.* What then must help'ess *Albion* do?

*Mer.* Delude the Fury of the Foe,  
And to preserve *Albanus*, let him go;  
For 'tis decreed,  
Thy Land must bleed,  
For Crimes not thine, by wrathful *Jove*:  
A Sacred Flood  
Of Royal Blood,  
Cries Vengeance, Vengeance loud above.

*Mercury ascends.*

*Alb.* Shall I, t'assuage  
Their brutal Rage,  
The Regal Stem destroy?  
Or must I lose,  
(To please my Foes,)  
My sole remaining Joy?  
Ye Gods, what worse,  
What greater Curse,  
Can all your Wrath employ?

*Alban.* Oh *Albion*! hear the Gods and me!  
Well am I lost, in saving thee.  
Not Exile or Danger can fright a brave Spirit  
With Innocence guarded,  
With Virtue rewarded;  
I make of my Sufferings a Merit.

*Alb.* Since then the Gods, and Thou wilt have it so;  
Go: (Can I live once more to bid Thee?) go,

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Where thy Misfortunes call thee, and thy Fate :  
 Go, guiltless Victim of a guilty State,  
 In War my Champion to defend,  
 In peaceful Hours, when Souls unbend,  
 My Brother, and what's more, my Friend !  
 Born where the foamy Billows roar,  
 On Seas less dang'rous than the Shore :  
 Go, where the Gods thy Refuge have assign'd :  
 Go from my Sight ; but never from my Mind.

*Alban.* Whatever hospitable Ground  
 Shall be for me, unhappy Exile, found,  
 'Till Heav'n vouchsafe to smile ;  
 What Land soe'er,  
 Tho' none so dear  
 As this ungrateful Isle ;  
 O think ! O think ! no Distance can remove  
 My vow'd Allegiance, and my loyal Love.

*Albi. and Alban.* The rosy-finger'd Morn appears,  
 And from her Mantle shakes her Tears,  
 In promise of a glorious Day :  
 The Sun, returning, Mortals cheers,  
 And drives the rising Mists away,  
 In Promise of a glorious Day.

[*Ritornelle.*]

*The farther Part of the Heaven opens, and discovers a Machine ; as it moves forwards, the Clouds which are before it divide, and shew the Person of Apollo, holding the Reins in his Hand. As they fall lower, the Horses appear with the Rays, and a great Glory about Apollo.*

*Apol.* All Hail, ye Royal Pair !  
 The Gods peculiar Care :  
 Fear not the Malice of your Foes ;  
 Their dark Designing,  
 And Combining,  
 Time and Truth shall once expose :  
 Fear not the Malice of your Foes.

II.

My sacred Oracles assure,  
 The Tempest shall not long endure ;

*Exit.*

396 ALBION and ALBANIUS.

But when the Nation's Crimes are purg'd away,  
Then shall you both in Glory shine :  
Propitious both, and both Divine :  
In Lustre equal to the God of Day. } Apollo goes for-  
ward out of  
Sight.

Neptune rises out of the Water, and a Train of Rivers,  
Tritons, and Sea-Nymphs attend him.

*Tham.* Old Father Ocean calls my Tide :  
Come away, come away ;  
The Barks upon the Billows ride,  
The Master will not stay ;  
The merry Boson from his Side  
His Whistle takes, to check and chide  
'The lingring Lad's Delay,  
And all the Crew aloud has cry'd,  
Come away, come away.

See the God of Seas attends thee,  
Nymphs Divine, a Beauteous Train :  
All the calmer Gales befriend thee  
In thy Passage o'er the Main :  
Every Maid her Locks is binding,  
Every Triton's Horn is winding,  
Welcome to the watry Plain.

Chacon.

*Two Nymphs and Tritons sing.*

Ye Nymphs, the Charge is Royal,  
Which you must convey ;  
Your Hearts and Hands employ all,  
Hasten to obey ;  
When Earth is grown disloyal,  
Shew there's Honour in the Sea.

*The Chacon continues.*

*The Chorus of Nymphs and Tritons repeat the same Verses.*

*The Chacon continues.*

*Two Nymphs and Tritons.*

Sports

ALBION and ALBANIUS. 397

Sports and Pleasures shall attend you  
Through all the watry Plains,  
Where Neptune reigns :  
*Venus* ready to defend you,  
And her Nymphs to ease your Pains.  
No Storm shall offend you,  
Passing the Main ;  
Nor Billow threat in vain,  
So Sacred a Train,  
'Till the Gods that defend you,  
Restore you again.

*The Chacon continues.*

*The Chorus repeat the same Verses, Sports and Pleasures, &c.*

*The Chacon continues.*

*The two Nymphs and Triton sing.*

See at your blest Returning  
Rage disappears ;  
The Widow'd Isle in Mourning  
Dries up her Tears,  
With Flowers the Meads adorning  
Pleasure appears,  
And Love dispels the Nation's causeless Fears.

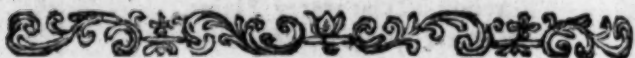
*The Chacon continues.*

*The Chorus of Nymphs and Triton repeat the same Verses,  
See at your blest Returning, &c.*

*The Chacon continues.*

*Then the Chorus repeat, See the God of Seas, &c. And  
this Chorus concludes the Act.*

ACT



## A C T III.

*The Scene is a View of Dover, taken from the Sea. A Row of Cliffs fill up each Side of the Stage, and the Sea the Middle of it, which runs into the Peer: Beyond the Peer, is the Town of Dover: On each Side of the Town, is seen a very high Hill; on one of which is the Castle of Dover; on the other, the great Stone which they call the Devil's-Drop. Behind the Town several Hills are seen at great Distance, which finish the View.*

*Enter Albion bare-headed: Acacia or Innocence with him.*

*Alb.* BEhold, ye Powers! from whom I own  
A Birth immortal, and a Throne:  
See a Sacred King uncrown'd,  
See your Off-spring, *Albion*, bound:  
The Gifts you gave with lavish Hand,  
Are all bestow'd in vain:  
Extended Empire on the Land,  
Unbounded o'er the Main.

*Ac.* Empire o'er the Land and Main,  
Heav'n that gave, can take again;  
But a Mind that's truly brave,  
Stands despising  
Storms arising,  
And can ne'er be made a Slave.

*Alb.* Unhelp'd I am, who pity'd the Distress'd,  
And none oppressing, am by all oppress'd;  
Betray'd, forsaken, and of Hope bereft.

*Ac.* Yet still the Gods, and Innocence are left.

*Alb.* Ah! what canst thou avail,  
Against Rebellion arm'd with Zeal,  
And fac'd with publick Good!

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*Tyr.* Ha,  
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● Monarch see  
Your Fate in me !  
To rule by Love,  
To shed no Blood,  
May be extoll'd above ;  
But here below,  
Let Princes know,  
'Tis fatal to be good.

*Chorus of both. To rule by Love, &c.*

*Ac.* Your Father Neptune from the Seas  
Has Nereids and blue Tritons sent,  
To charm your Discontent.

*Nereids rise out of the Sea, and sing, Tritons dance.*

From the low Palace of old Father Ocean,  
Come we in Pity your Cares to deplore :  
Sea-racing Dolphins are train'd for our Motion,  
Moony Tides swelling to rowl us a-shore.

II.

Ev'ry Nymph of the Flood, her Tresses rending,  
Throws off her Armlet of Pearl in the Main ;  
Neptune in Anguish his Charge unattending,  
Vessels are found'ring, and Vows are in vain.

*Enter Tyranny, Democracy, represented by Men, attended by Asebia and Zelota, Women.*

*Tyr.* Ha, ha, 'tis what so long I wish'd and vow'd,  
Our Plots and Delusions  
Have wrought such Confusions,  
That the Monarch's a Slave to the Crowd.

*Dem.* A Design we fomented,

*Tyr.* By Hell it was new !

*Dem.* A false Plot invented,

*Tyr.* To cover a true.

*Dem.* First with promis'd Faith we flatter'd.

*Tyr.* Then Jealousies and Fears we scatter'd.

*Ase.* We never valu'd Right and Wrong,

But as they serv'd our Cause.

400 ALBION and ALBANUS.

*Zel.* Our Business was to please the Throng,  
And court their wild Applause :

*Aseb.* For this we brib'd the Lawyer's Tongue,  
And then destroy'd the Laws.

*Cho.* For this, &c.

*Tyr.* To make him safe, we made his Friends our Prey;

*Dem.* To make him great, we scorn'd his Royal Sway,

*Tyr.* And to confirm his Crown, we took his Heiraway.

*Dem.* To encrease his Store,

We kept him poor :

*Tyr.* And when to Wants we had betray'd him,  
To keep him low,

Pronounc'd a Foe,

Whoe'er presum'd to aid him.

*Aseb.* But you forget the noblest Part,

And Master-piece of all your Art,

You told him he was sick at Heart.

*Zel.* And when you could not work Belief

In Albion of th' imagin'd Grief;

Your perjur'd Vouchers in a Breath,

Made Oath, that he was sick to Death;

And then five hundred Quacks of Skill

Resolv'd, 'twas fit he should be ill.

*Aseb.* Now hey for a Common-Wealth,

We merrily drink and sing,

'Tis to the Nation's Health,

For every Man's a King.

*Zel.* Then let the Mask begin,

The Saints advance,

To fill the Dance,

And the Property Boys come in.

*The Boys in white begin a Fantastick Dance.*

*Cho.* Let the Saints ascend the Throne.

*Dem.* Saints have Wives, and Wives have Preachers,

Gifted Men, and able Teachers;

These to get, and those to own.

*Cho.* Let the Saints ascend the Throne.

*Aseb.*

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*Tyr.* Fall

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*Aseb.*

*Ase.* Freedom is a Bait alluring ;  
Them betraying, us securing,  
While to Sov'reign Pow'r we soar.

*Zel.* Old Delusions new repeated,  
Shews them born but to be cheated,  
As their Fathers were before.

*Six Sectaries begin a formal affected Dance, the two gravest  
whisper the other Four, and draw 'em into the Plot : They  
pull out and deliver Libels to them, which they receive.*

*Dem.* See friendless *Albion* there alone,  
Without Defence  
But Innocence ;

*Albanus* now is gone.

*Tyr.* Say then, what must be done ?

*Dem.* The Gods have put him in our Hand.

*Zel.* He must be Slain !

*Tyr.* But who shall then command ?

*Dem.* The People : For the Right returns to those,  
Who did the Trust impose.

*Tyr.* 'Tis fit another Sun shou'd rise,  
To cheer the World, and light the Skies.

*Dem.* But when the Sun  
His Race has run,  
And neither cheers the World, nor lights the Skies ;  
'Tis fit a Common-wealth of Stars should rise.

*Ase.* Each noble Vice  
Shall bear a Price,  
And Virtue shall a Drug become :  
An empty Name  
Was all her Fame,  
But now she shall be dumb.

*Zel.* If open Vice be what you drive at,  
A Name so broad we'll ne'er connive at.  
Saints love Vice, but more refin'dly,  
Keep her close, and use her kindly.

*Tyr.* Fall on :

*Dem.* Fall on : E'er *Albion's* Death, we'll try,  
If one or many shall his Room supply.

*Th:*

*The white Boys dance about the Saints: The Saints draw out the Association, and offer it to them: They refuse it, and quarrel about it: Then the white Boys and Saints fall into a confus'd Dance, imitating Fighting. The white Boys, at the End of the Dance, being driven out by the Seditaries with Protestant Flails,*

*Alb.* See the Gods my Cause defending,  
When all humane Help was past!

*Acac.* Factions mutually contending,  
By each other fall at last.

*Alb.* But is not yonder *Proteus'* Cave,  
Below that Steep,  
Which rising Billows brave?

*Acac.* It is: And in it lies the God asleep:  
And snorting by,  
We may descry,  
The Monsters of the Deep.

*Alb.* He knows the Past,  
And can resolve the Future too.

*Acac.* 'Tis true!  
But hold him fast,  
For he can change his Hue.

*The Cave of Proteus rises out of the Sea, it consists of several Arches of Rock-work adorn'd with Mother of Pearl, Coral, and abundance of Shells of various kinds. Thro' the Arches is seen the Sea, and Parts of Dover-Pier: In the Middle of the Cave is Proteus asleep on a Rock adorn'd with Shells, &c. like the Cave. Albion and Acacia seize on him; and while a Symphony is playing, he sinks as they are bringing him forward, and changes himself into a Lion, a Crocodile, a Dragon, and then to his own Shape again; He comes toward the Front of the Stage, and sings.*

Symphony.

*Pro.* Albion, lov'd of Gods and Men,  
Prince of Peace, too mildly reigning,

*Zeal*

Cease thy  
Thou sha  
Albion, lo

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*Alb.* T  
*Pro.* A

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*Dem.* O  
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*Zel.* An  
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*Zel.* He  
*Omnes.* S

*The One-Ey*  
*arises bet*

*Dem.* Lo  
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What Mira  
Nature's ala



Cease thy Sorrow and Complaining ;  
Thou shalt be restor'd again :  
*Albion*, lov'd of Gods and Men.

II.

Still thou art the Care of Heav'n,  
In thy Youth to Exile driv'n:  
Heav'n thy Ruin then prevented,  
'Till the guilty Land repented :  
In thy Age, when none could aid thee,  
Foes conspir'd, and Friends betray'd thee ;  
To the Brink of Danger driv'n,  
Still thou art the Care of Heav'n.

*Alb.* To whom shall I my Preservation owe ?

*Pro.* Ask me no more ! for 'tis by *Neptune's* Foe.

*Proteus descends.*

*Democracy and Zelota return with their Faction.*

*Dem.* Our seeming Friends, who join'd alone,  
To pull down one, and build another Throne,  
Are all dispers'd and gone :  
We brave Republick Souls remain.

*Zel.* And 'tis by us that *Albion* must be slain :  
Say, whom shall we employ  
The Tyrant to destroy ?

*Dem.* That Archer is by Fate design'd,  
With one Eye clear, and t'other blind.

*Zel.* He comes inspir'd to do't.

*Omnes.* Shoot, holy *Cyclop*, shoot.

*The One-Ey'd Archer advances, the rest follow: A Fire  
arises betwixt them and Albion.*

[*Ritornel.*

*Dem.* Lo ! Heav'n and Earth combine  
To blast our bold Design.  
What Miracles are shown !  
Nature's alarm'd,

And

404 ALBION and ALBANIUS.

And Fires are arm'd,  
To guard the Sacred Throne.

*Zelota.* What help, when jarring Elements conspire  
To punish our audacious Crimes?  
Retreat betimes,  
To shun th' avenging Fire.

*Chor.* To shun th' avenging Fire.

[Rites.

*As they are going back, a Fire arises from behind: They  
all sink together.*

*Alb.* Let our tuneful Accents upwards move,  
Till they reach the vaulted Arch of those above;  
Let us adore 'em;  
Let us fall before 'em:

*Acac.* Kings they made, and Kings they love.  
When they protect a rightful Monarch's Reign,  
The Gods in Heav'n, the Gods on Earth maintain.

*Both.* When they protect, &c.

*Alb.* But see what Glories gild the Main.

*Acac.* Bright *Venus* brings *Albanus* back again,  
With all the Loves and Graces in her Train.

*A Machine rises out of the Sea: It opens and discovers  
Venus and Albanus sitting in a great Scallop-shell,  
richly adorn'd: Venus is attended by the Loves and  
Graces, Albanus by Heroes: The Shell is drawn by  
Dolphins: It moves forward, while a Symphony of  
Flutes-Doux, &c. is playing, till it lands 'em on the  
Stage, and then it closes and sinks.*

VENUS Sings.

*Albion,* Hail; the Gods present Thee  
All the richest of their Treasures,  
Peace and Pleasures,

To content Thee, } *Graces and Loves*  
Dancing their Eternal Measures. } *Dance an Entry.*

*Venus.* But above all Humane Blessing,

"Take a Warlike Loyal Brother,  
Never Prince had such another,  
Conduct, Courage, Truth expressing, } *Here the Heroes*  
All Heroick Work possessing. } *Dance is performed.*

*Chor. of all.* But above all, &c.

[Rites  
While]

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*Phæb.*  
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*Albion* the  
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For he's a  
*Venus.*

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*Phæb.*  
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The Just,  
August,  
And peace  
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*Venus.*  
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To fill the  
Ador'd and  
In War vic  
The Joy o

*Acac. O*  
Be kind an  
Now *Albion*  
The People  
Run gazing  
Make Roo  
Make Roo

*Whilst a Symphony is playing: a very large, and a very glorious Machine descends: The figure of it Oval, all the Clouds shining with Gold, abundance of Angels and Cherubins flying about 'em, and playing in 'em; in the midst of it sits Apollo on a Throne of Gold: he comes from the Machine to Albion.*

*Phæb. From Jove's Imperial Court,  
Where all the Gods resort;  
In awful Council met,  
Surprizing News I bear:  
Albion the Great,  
Must change his Seat,  
For he's adopted there.*

*Venus. What Stars above shall we displace?  
Where shall he fill a Room Divine?*

*Nept. Descended from the Sea-God's Race,  
Let him by my Orion shine.*

*Phæb. No, not by that tempestuous Sign:  
Betwixt the Balance and the Maid,  
The Just,  
August,  
And peaceful Shade,*

*Shall shine in Heav'n with Beams display'd,  
While Great Albanus is on Earth obey'd.*

*Venus. Albanus Lord of Land and Main,  
Shall with fraternal Virtues reign;  
And add his own,  
To fill the Throne;*

*Ador'd and fear'd, and lov'd no less:  
In War victorious, mild in Peace,  
The Joy of Man, and Jove's Increase.*

*Acac. O Thou! who mount'lt th' Æthereal Throne,  
Be kind and happy to thy own;  
Now Albion is come,  
The People of the Sky  
Run gazing, and cry  
Make Room, make Room,  
Make Room for our New Deity.*

*Here*

*Here Albion mounts the Machine, which moves upward slowly.*

*A full Chorus of all that Acacia sung.*

*Ven.* Behold what Triumphs are prepar'd to grace }  
Thy glorious Race,  
Where Love and Honour claim an equal place; }  
Already they are fix'd by Fate,  
And only ripening Ages wait.

*The Scene changes to a Walk of very high Trees: At the end of the Walk is a view of that part of Windsor, which faces Eton: In the midst of it is a row of small Trees, which lead to the Castle-Hill: In the first Scene, part of the Town and part of the Hill: In the next, the Terrace Walk, the King's Lodgings, and the upper part of St. George's Chapel, then the Keep; And, Lastly, that part of the Castle beyond the Keep.*

*In the Air is a Vision of the Honours of the Garter; the Knights in Procession, and the King under a Canopy: Beyond this, the upper end of St. George's Hall.*

*Fame rises out of the middle of the Stage, standing on a Globe; on which is the Arms of England: The Globe rests on a Pedestal: On the Front of the Pedestal is drawn a Man with a long, lean, pale Face, with Fiends Wings, and Snakes twisted round his Body: He is encompass'd by several Phanatical Rebellious Heads, who suck Poison from him, which runs out of a Tap in his Side.*

*Fame.* Renown, assume thy Trumpet!  
From Pole to Pole resounding  
Great *Albion's* Name;  
Great *Albion's* Name shall be  
The Theme of Fame, shall be Great *Albion's* Name,  
Great *Albion's* Name; Great *Albion's* Name.  
Record the Garter's Glory:  
A Badge for Heroes, and for Kings to bear:  
For Kings to bear!  
And swell th' Immortal Story,

With

With Song  
And swell  
With Song  
For Gods

*A full Chorus  
and Harp  
Twenty  
to the end*

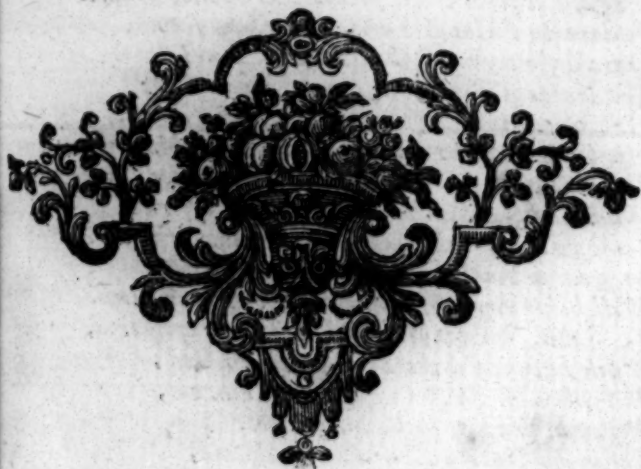





ALBION and ALBANIUS. 407

With Songs of Gods, and fit for Gods to hear ;  
And swell th' Immortal Story,  
With Songs of Gods, and fit for Gods to hear ;  
For Gods to hear.

*A full Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments: Trumpets  
and Hautboys make Ritornello's of all Fame sings ; and  
Twenty four Dancers all the time in a Chorus, and Dance  
to the end of the Opera.*




EPI.



## EPILOGUE.

**A**fter our Æſop's Fable ſhown to-day,  
I come to give the Moral of the Play.  
Feign'd Zeal, you ſaw, ſet out the ſpeedier Pace;  
But the laſt Heat, Plain Dealing won the Race;  
Plain Dealing for a Jewel has been known;  
But ne'er till now the Jewel of a Crown.  
When Heav'n made Man, to ſhow the Work Divine,  
Truth was his Image, ſtamp'd upon the Coin:  
And when a King is to a God refin'd,  
On all he ſays and does he ſtamps his Mind:  
This proves a Soul without Allay, and pure;  
Kings, like their Gold, ſhould every Touch endure.  
To dare in Fields is Valour; but how few  
Dare be ſo thoroughly Valiant to be True!  
The Name of Great, let other Kings affect:  
He's Great indeed, the Prince that is direct.  
His Subjects know him now, and truſt him more,  
Than all their Kings, and all their Laws before.  
What Safety could their publick Acts afford?  
Thoſe he can break; but cannot break his Word.  
So great a Truſt to him alone was due;  
Well have they truſted whom ſo well they knew.  
The Saint, who walk'd on Waves, ſecurely trod,  
While he believ'd the Beckning of his God;  
But when his Faith no longer bore him out,  
Began to ſink, as he began to doubt.  
Let us our Native Character maintain,  
'Tis of our growth, to be ſincerely plain.  
To excel in Truth we loyally may ſtrive;  
Set Privilege againſt Prerogative:  
He plights his Faith, and we believe him Juſt;  
His Honour is to promiſe, ours to truſt.  
Thus Britain's Baſis on a Word is laid,  
As by a Word the World itſelf was made.



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